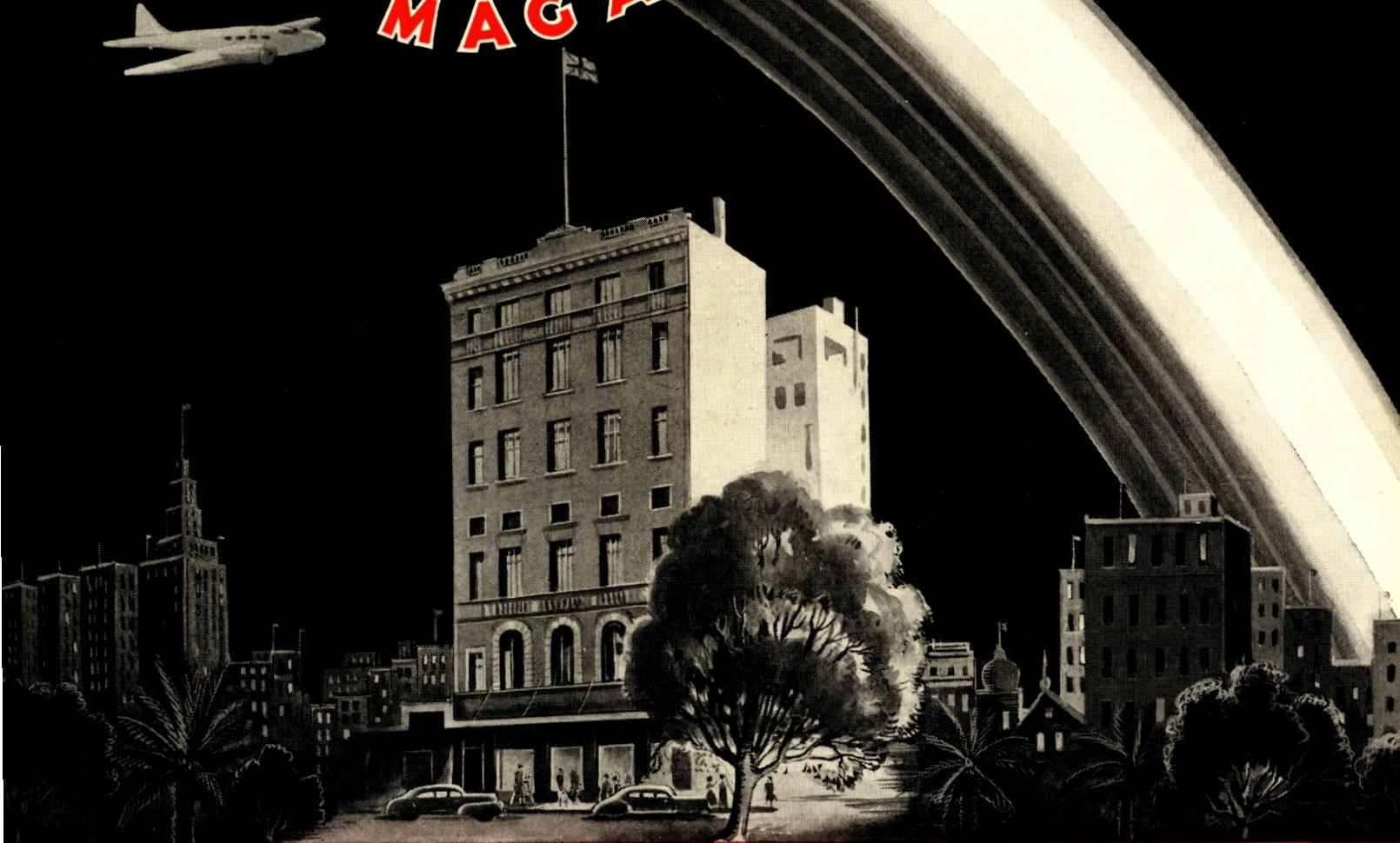


# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 20.

DECEMBER, 1947

No. 10.

# AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

# Summer Meeting

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

December 20th and 26th  
1947

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PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

*First Day* : SATURDAY, 20th DECEMBER

The Villiers Stakes, £2000 added  
One Mile

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*Second Day* : (BOXING DAY) FRIDAY  
26th December

The Summer Cup - £2500 added  
*and a Trophy valued at £100*  
One Mile and Five Furlongs.

The December Stakes, £1500 added  
(For Two-Year-Olds)

Five Furlongs

T. NICHOLSON,  
Racing Secretary.

6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,  
Secretary.

## Peace on Earth—And the Price Thereof

THE harsh realities of a world torn by dissension and disorder make a solemn mockery of the traditional greeting in this season. Yet we are repeating the cheery salutation, "Happy Christmas and Merry New Year," while diplomats are engaged feverishly to discover stopgaps by which an incalculable catastrophe might be averted.

Gifts with which God endowed man to promote peace on earth and establish all people's rights to "life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness," are being so employed by scientists as to cause dismay in the hearts of men of goodwill. The things of the spirit by which alone we may hope to live are being scorned in preference for the things by which we must perish. The abyss, into which earlier civilisations have fallen, lies ahead.

We do not console ourselves by turning to fatalism and declaring: "It mightn't happen." Rather should our hope be founded on: "It mustn't happen."

Toward the accomplishment of that purpose let us range ourselves as a united people behind the national effort, and determine as individuals: "What may I give?" not "What can I get?" . . . "How may I serve?"; not "What might I evade?" . . . "What are my obligations?"; not "How may I cash in?"

In wartime, we made our contribution on the fighting fronts and at home. But, be it remembered, we escaped the ravages of war. Contrast our conditions with those of the Motherland and of European countries. We have our housing problem, but, on the Continent, men, women and children are still living in bomb-shelters, millions of them on the verge of starvation. In some quarters millions more are still enslaved. Relatively, therefore, Australians are in a fortunate position.

The point to be stressed, however, is that we cannot continue to live in isolation. Our future is conditioned by world recovery. It may be that in the new year we will be called upon for greater contribution. This obligation is one that cannot be scaled down or dismissed. It is inescapable; and Australians in the great majority may be counted on creditably to pull their weight, in the future as in the present and as in the past.



Established 14th May, 1858.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



*Chairman:*

**S. E. CHATTERTON**

*Treasurer:*

**JOHN HICKEY**

*Committee:*

<b>F. J. CARBERRY</b>	<b>G. J. C. MOORE</b>
<b>GEORGE CHIENE</b>	<b>JOHN A. ROLES</b>
<b>A. G. COLLINS</b>	<b>F. G. UNDERWOOD</b>
<b>A. J. MATTHEWS</b>	<b>DONALD WILSON</b>

*Secretary:*

**T. T. MANNING**

### AFFILIATED CLUBS :

<b>CENTURY CLUB</b> .....	<b>Panama, R.P.</b>
<b>DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB</b> .....	<b>Denver, U.S.A.</b>
<b>LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO</b> , Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.	
<b>LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB</b> .....	<b>Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.</b>

Allied with the Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB:—

Pacific Coast Club.  
Hollywood Athletic Club.  
Riviera Country Club.  
Santa Monica Deauville Club.

<b>OLYMPIC CLUB</b> .....	<b>San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.</b>
<b>NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB</b> , 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.	

<b>TERMINAL CITY CLUB</b> , 837 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C.	
<b>SAN DIEGO CLUB</b> .....	<b>San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.</b>
<b>ARCTIC CLUB</b> .....	<b>Seattle</b>

# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

DECEMBER.

2nd E. C. Murray	24th A. D. Swan
7th F. Z. Eager	25th W. Sherman
8th Noel G. Morris	26th J. Blume
10th A. J. McDowell	27th R. E. Sanderson
F. J. Shephard	28th M. Gearin
12th W. Gourley	Dr. S. Read.
13th Eric Pratt	ing
17th E. O. Crowhurst	29th E. J. Hazell
19th J. T. Jennings	30th C. S. Brice
20th E. W. King	31st Jack Davis
21st George Langley	

JANUARY.

1st P. Kearns	20th W. T. Ridge,
6th V. J. Hutchins	C. V. Dunlop
7th J. L. Geraghty	21st C. F. Viner Hall
8th F. G. Spurway	22nd J. Hunter
9th R. A. Sharpe	23rd A. K. Quist
10th J. A. Chew	26th A. C. Ingham,
11th Col. T. L. F. Rutledge, Howard	W. S. Edwards
James	H. T. Matthews
14th W. C. Wurth	28th Leon Vandenberg
16th A. C. W. Hill	29th G. R. W.
17th G. V. Dunwoodie	MacDonald
18th F. S. Martin	30th R. H. Alderson
31st G. H. Beswick	

**F**USS made about the death of Man-O-War was described as distasteful to an American. "Not at all," he replied, "the trouble is that we didn't run him for the Presidency on his retirement."

\* \* \*

**T**ATTERSALL'S CLUB, ever ready to aid the good cause, has given £2,600 to the Food for Britain Fund within the past several months, made up as follows:—

Carnival Night (June 4), £1,400; cases of food valued at £600; first prize of £600 for Parcels Fund Welter Handicap (Second Division) at the Lord Mayor's Food for Britain meeting at Randwick on November 29.

\* \* \*

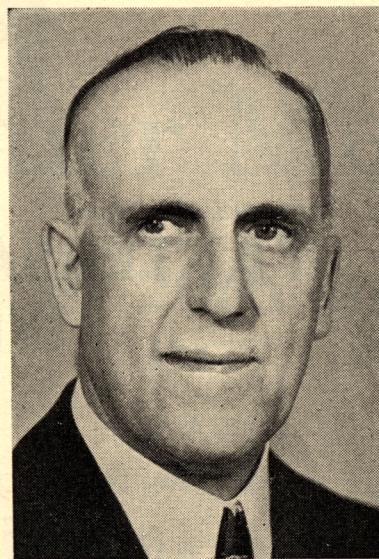
**T**HE committee has accepted gratefully a handsome canteen of cutlery from Mr. J. A. Roles, member of the committee, for presentation to the trainer of the winner of Tattersall's Gold Cup, to be run on New Year's day.

\* \* \*

**J**IM COLLINS, over from Melbourne, looked in on his former club friends and said that he had realised that which they had wished him when he married—happiness.

\* \* \*

**H**OW often have we noticed a good thing turn out a bad proposition.



*The Chairman, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, and Members of the Committee, extend their warmest greetings to fellow club members, coupled with the hope that the New Year will usher in Peace, Happiness, Prosperity.*

\* \* \*

**M**EMBER of long experience says: "No one can see through a hole in his pocket whether a horse wins or loses in a close finish."

\* \* \*

**R**ETURN of £5 anonymously to Greg Keighery by one whom the veteran sportsman had accommodated in the past, without remembering the debt or the debtor, gave Greg great pleasure and only one regret—that he could not locate the borrower who had come good, so as to hand him back the fiver.

\* \* \*

**T**HE customary New Year's Eve Dance will be held in the club, and members are invited to make early arrangements.

\* \* \*

**B**RADMAN'S 100th century was within the scope of his attainment in any of the series of matches against the Indians; but Don had set his heart on registering the record on Sydney Cricket Ground; hence, his restraint in the nineties;

hence his unusual elation on achieving the record.

\* \* \*

**M**ALTINE STAKES was named by the A.J.C. after Maltine who won the Metropolitan in 1909, and whose daughter, Jocelyn, was the Metropolitan winner in 1929.

Both were owned by the late John Spencer Brunton, a grand old sportsman.

When his colt, Homer, which dead-heated with Allunga for first place in the A.J.C. Derby, 1935, broke its leg in running, later, Mr. Brunton's only comment was: "I would prefer that to happen to my horse rather than to a battler's."

\* \* \*

**P**RIZE money of £500 for the Thames Two-Year-Old Nursery Stakes, at the Lord Mayor's "Food for Britain" Meeting at Randwick, was donated by Mr. and Mrs. W. Longworth.

Sportsmen at the meeting said: "Billy Longworth was not only versatile, but his skill was exceptional in any sports he took up—swimming, billiards, snooker, water polo and golf in particular. Men with his athletic equipment are born only at long intervals." He won five "blues". \* \* \*

**A**RNOld TANCREd, manager of the Australian Rugby Union footballers at present touring Great Britain prior to journeying to France and America, might well be proud of his charges' performances. Despite some unwarranted adverse criticism the team has a better record to date than its predecessors and it worthily upholding the highest traditions of the game. Had the team a reliable goal kicker the points record would be up near the stratosphere and miles ahead of the previous best Australian touring combination.

\* \* \*

**W**E regret to advise the death of following member who passed away since last issue.

MARKS, ERNEST S., C.B.E.

Elected 30/4/1923.

Died 2/12/1947.

BEFORE the First Test match against India started in Brisbane it was general opinion that Victorian left-hand bowler W. Johnston would press Ernie Toshack, of Sydney, for inclusion in the Australian XI to tour England in 1948. Toshack settled that by returning the best bowling figures, 5 for 2, ever recorded in a Test Match. M. A. Noble (Aust.) and Wilfred Rhodes (Eng.) share the honour for England v. Australia contests with 7 for 17 apiece.

\* \* \*

SYD. SMITH, president of N.S.W. Cricket Association, said at the reception to the Indians that he recalled having seen as a lad Ranjitsinhji knock up 154 on Sydney Cricket Ground—and: "He would have scored more had a fly not got in his eye." Veterans recalled: Joe Darling, Australia's greatest left-hander of the day, hit up a big score in that match of 1896. Versifier of the period wrote:

*In the gloaming, oh, my darling,  
You were still before the sticks,  
Hitting threes and fours and fivers,  
And, occasionally, six.  
It was sweet to see the Lion  
Walloped by the Kangaroo;  
Flies got on to poor old Ranji—  
But no flies got on to you.*



*A typical scene of Pilliga Scrub where trees are numbered almost so many to the square yard. It is the heaviest wooded portion of the State.*

## They were Horses

RUNNING of Tattersall's Club Cup this January 1, recalls first of the series on January 25, 1868.

There were no "cotton-wool" champs those days, and tracks were infinitely worse than the smooth, almost bowling green surface, provided to-day. Those horses could take it!

Bulgimbar, a five-year-old entire, won the two miles Cup from eight others in 3.39½. Prize was 200 sovereigns and specie worth 250 sovereigns as trophy for winning owner.

Just to prove how hardy was Bulgimbar, he came out same afternoon and won the Duke of Edinburgh Stakes, 1½ miles, carrying 9.5. Edinburgh is a topical and popular name at the moment.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE

in the Club Room

DOUBLE TICKET—£2/2/- (includes Supper)



DANCING FROM 8 p.m. TO 1 a.m.

EVENING DRESS

Reservations are to be made at the Office.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

## ANNUAL RACE MEETING (RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

### FIRST DAY :

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1947**

SEVEN EVENTS

Added Money - - - £5,500

#### Novice Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

#### The Carrington Stakes

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,750 added. Second horse £350, and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 8 o'clock p.m. on Friday, 26th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **SIX FURLONGS.**

#### Encourage Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. **ONE MILE.**

#### Pace Welter

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. **ONE MILE.**

#### Denman Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

### SECOND DAY :

**THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1948**

SEVEN EVENTS

Added Money - - - £5,600  
(including Gold Cup valued at £100)

#### Nursery Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. **FIVE FURLONGS.**

#### New Year's Gift

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

#### Trial Stakes

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £1,200 added; divided into two Divisions, if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each Division. **ONE MILE.**

#### Highweight Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 8st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

#### Tattersall's Club Cup

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 2 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 22nd December, 1947; with £1,750 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £100. Second horse £350, and third horse £175 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1947, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 8 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 27th December, 1947. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **ONE MILE AND A HALF.**

#### Alfred Hill Handicap

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, 30th December, 1947; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. **ONE MILE.**

ENTRIES Closed for The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup, 24th November, 1947, and Minor races, 8th December, 1947.

WEIGHTS: The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup at 10 a.m., Monday, 8th December, 1947.

Minor races, First Day, at 8 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 20th December, 1947.

Minor races, Second Day, at 8 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 27th December, 1947.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 2 o'clock p.m., Monday, 22nd December, 1947, and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, 30th December, 1947.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE FULL PROGRAMME**

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

# Tattersall's Popular Summer Double

Time marches on! Tattersall's Club Cup, now second leg of the popular summer double, will be run this January 1 for the 80th time. Historically this important event is almost as old in years as Sydney and Melbourne Cups.

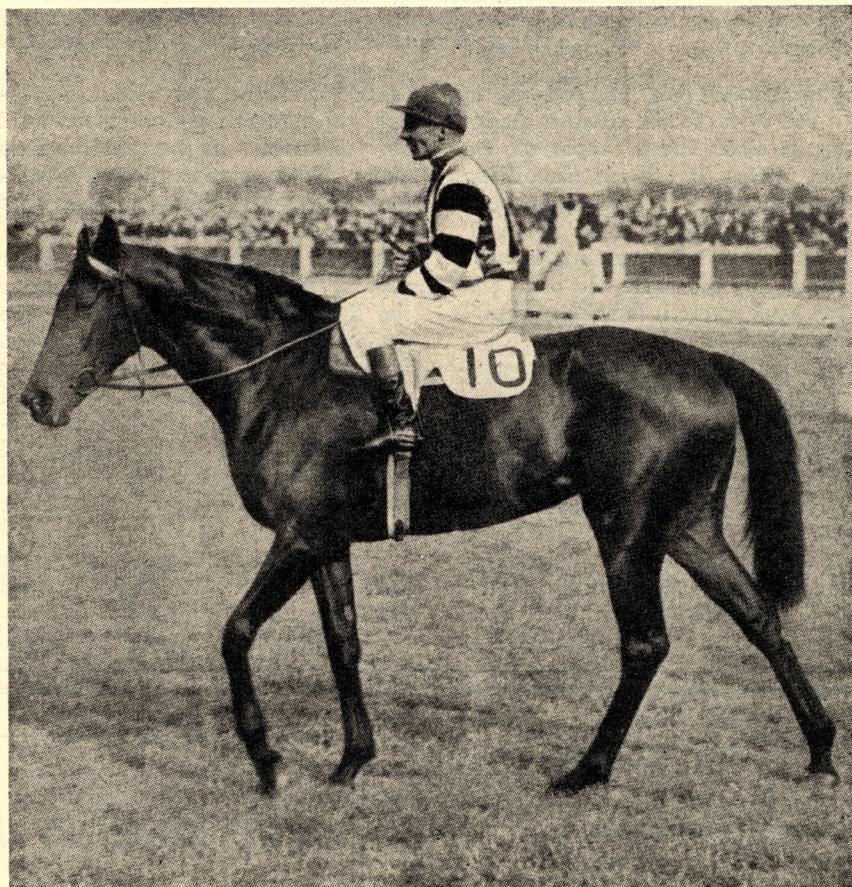
IT'S running will revive interest for many of the club's veteran members who have been privileged to see numerous famous contests.

The Cup was a two-miler until 1910 when J. A. Mayo's Marlee was the winner. The following year when By Play, raced by W. and F. A. Moses (of Poitrel fame), won, the distance was 1½ miles, at which it has since been decided.

The first Cup was run in 1868 and first Carrington Stakes in 1886. It is interesting to recall that the first Carrington was worth 1,000 sovs. or £750 less than this summer's offering. Eighteen accepted for that Carrington which was run over a mile and three furlongs, and won by Ben Bolt (8 to 1), carried 6.11 and beat Tempe (evens), 7.8, and Burrida (no price given in old records), 6.11. Tempe had incurred a 10 lbs. penalty for success in the Club's £500 Cup, then a two-miler, and run first day. In the Cup Tempe had defeated Ben Bolt and Friendship—limit in the Carrington was then 6 st. Tommy Nerriker rode one of the unplaced horses in that Carrington, Cerise and Blue, which carried Humphrey Oxenham's colours.

Getting more recent, in fact 12 months ago, Club men Bill Kirwan and Harry Tancred carried off the double, the former lifting the Carrington with Native Son who had just previously landed the Villiers Stakes. In the Carrington Native Son was too solid for Lakshmi Vallis and Puffham. He was ridden by Darby Munro. Harry Tancred's Kiaree completed the double when he beat Open Air and Codicil in the Cup.

Some top grade horses have won this double including in recent years, Bernborough, Victory Lad, Delmestor, and Greenline, in the sprint, and Swan River, Dewar, Satmoth, and Jeypore, in the Cup. Bernborough and Pavilion share the Carrington record time, 1.10½, while Dewar's 2.30 is best for the mile and half.



*Sweet Chime.*

Weights for coming double were not available when this went to press, but a fine entry of 43 for the Carrington, and 51 for the Cup assured the Club of two keenly contested events. Prominent among nominations for the first leg were Bold Beau, Beau Robert, The Diver, Dutchman, Prince Standard, Native Son, Puffham, Flying Duke, Tamaroa, and Queenslander, Dowborough.

For the Cup smart stayers entered included Invictus, Peter, Cordale, Courier, Sweet Chime, Open Air, Debenture, Doughnut, and most important of all, Hiraji, winner of this year's Melbourne Cup.

Response by Club members who own horses, was most generous, and they might repeat last season's feat.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB

### RACING FIXTURES. RANDWICK.

PRINCIPAL EVENT	DATE
	1947
The Carrington Stakes	27th Dec.
Tattersall's Club Cup	1st Jan.
The James Barnes Plate	8th May
The Chelmsford Stakes	11th Sept.
	1949
The Carrington Stakes	1st. Jan.
Tattersall's Club Cup	3rd Jan.
The James Barnes Plate	7th May
The Chelmsford Stakes	10th Sept.
The Carrington Stakes	31st Dec.
	1950
Tattersall's Club Cup	2nd Jan.

# PROOF OF PUDDING *was . . .*

It is one thing to successfully steal diamonds, and another to get rid of them profitably without getting mixed up with the police in the meantime. Spike Woods pondered this point as he sat at the dining-room table studying the six gems on the cloth before him. The afternoon papers were full of the theft of the Robertson necklace. The night before an audacious thief had entered the bedroom in which Henry Robertson, business executive, and his wife were sleeping, and taken a jewel case containing the £10,000 necklace from the dressing table.

"THE Robertsons had retired to bed at 3.15 a.m. after a dinner party at their home," reported one paper. "Mrs. Robertson placed the famous necklace in a jewel case on the dressing table beside her bed. She had intended to return it next morning to the safe deposit box at the bank where it is usually kept."

Spike had fluked the necklace although his entry into the house had been by premeditated design.

He had got a tip-off that the Robertsons often held parties and drank heavily at them.

First he visited the home to get an idea of the layout. It stood well back from the road in spacious grounds which were liberally coated with shrubs and trees.

After several nights squatting in

the darkness he was able to establish which room the Robertsons used as a bedroom. It was on the first floor. A drainpipe ran near the window which was always opened wide before the light went out.

Spike's plan was simple. Wait for a party night. Wait one hour after the lights went out. Then up the drainpipe and into the bedroom. Somewhere in that room would be money, for Robertson was well known to carry big sums in his wallet. At least that was the story told in the social circles Spike belonged to. Spike didn't know the necklace existed.

A party night turned up. Cars lined the drive when Spike hopped the fence and took up his usual station in the midst of a patch of shrubs.

There was nothing to do but wait. Spike sat down and waited. He had plenty of time.

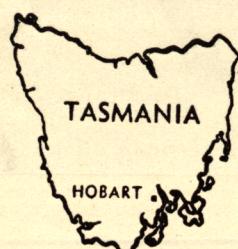
Somewhere around 3 a.m. there was noise at the front door. The ears began departing. Soon the grounds were deserted except for Spike in his high necked sweater, slacks and sandals and thin cotton gloves.

The bedroom light went on. Fifteen minutes later the window went up. Then the lights went off.

As planned Spike waited an hour by his watch.

Quickly he shinned up the drain pipe and got a hand onto the window sill. He listened. The breathing of the sleepers was deep and even.

Spike clambered quietly into the



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Postage for ticket and result, 5d.

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HOBART.

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**HENRY  
WOOLFE**

Two Famous Meat Stores

**636 GEORGE STREET and  
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

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room which the moonlight flooded. He took time and let his eyes adjust to the change of light. Every piece of furniture was identified. Something sparkled on the dressing table. Spike moved over. A necklace. Diamonds apparently. The elegant jewel case holding them indicated they were valuable.

One of the sleepers stirred uneasily. Spike froze. He poked the jewel case into his hip pocket and crept to the window. He was not a greedy thief. Having made a lucky find he was willing to forego the cash he had expected to find. Anyhow you can ride your luck too hard.

Two hours later Spike was home receiving the applause of Mary, his wife, who had been roused to admire the haul.

"What are they worth?" asked Mary.

"Dunno. The afternoon papers will give us some idea probably. Now I'm going to get the rocks out of their settings and melt down the gold."

Spike was not exactly pleased to discover the diamonds were worth £10,000. He had never handled anything that big before and he was both awed and scared.

The police went to town properly after such a big haul. Every fence and pawnbroker would be closely watched. Spike would have been far happier had the gems been worth £500.

There was only one thing to do—hide the stones until the excitement blew over and then, maybe, smuggle them interstate. If he disappeared from his usual haunts immediately every police force in Australia would be watching for him.

Problem was where to hide the loot. Spike knew police search methods too well to put it under the floor boards or in a bottle in the back yard. It was inevitable that he would be checked over. In the modus operandi section he was filed as a "cat burglar".

Spike had the diamonds in his pocket and the afternoon paper in his hand when he heard the gate click.

He peered through a front window. Two men coming up the path. Det.-Sgt. Bardsley was one of them.

Spike felt panic go through him.

He rushed through the house trying to think of a hiding place . . .

The doorbell rang insistently. Then a heavy fist thumped the panels.

Spike opened the door.

"Bit slow in answering weren't you?" queried Bardsley.

"You woke me up," countered Spike. "I had to get some clothes on. What do you want?"

"The Robertson diamonds of course."



"Why come here?"

Bardsley stopped the chatter by producing a search warrant.

"You first Woods."

Automatically Spike's hands went above his head. The detective's hands ran lightly over him.

"Anyone else at home?"

"Yeah, the wife. She's in the kitchen."

The second detective went out to keep an eye on Mary while Bardsley took Spike into the bedroom.

Carefully covering every room in the house Bardsley finally came to the kitchen.

Mary was chatting to the second detective and mixing ingredients in a bowl. "Haven't seen you for months Sergeant," she said brightly. "What do you want Spike for. This pal of yours won't tell me a thing."

Bardsley walked over to her and peered in the bowl.

"Looks like Christmas pudding," he commented. "Smells good."

"You're right. Try some." Bardsley dipped a large finger into the mess and took a sample.

"Been over the kitchen carefully Rod?" he asked his offsider.

"With a tooth comb boss."

The detectives examined the front and back yards. No soil had been recently disturbed.

"Satisfied now?" asked Spike tartly.

Bardsley shrugged his shoulders and walked to the gate.

Back at head quarters he made out his report and handed it in.

The Superintendent studied it and then shook his head.

"Spike Woods was seen twice near the Robertson home before the job wasn't he?"

Bardsley nodded.

"Then you can bet he did the job all right. Sure you covered the house thoroughly?"

"You bet I did. I looked everywhere but . . ."

Bardsley's eyes widened as he spoke.

"Excuse me sir, I've got an idea."

He was out the door before the Superintendent could call him back.

The car pulled up well down the road from Spike's home and Bardsley and his offsider alighted. It was dark. They walked casually to Spike's fence and vaulted it quietly. The front rooms of the house were dark. There was a light coming through the kitchen window.

Bardsley peered in. Spike and his wife were sitting at a table working happily on a bottle of sweet sherry and saying things which caused one another to laugh.

Bardsley looked round the room and then at the ceiling. He breathed a sigh of relief and walked to the back door on which he rapped sharply.

Spike answered the rapping.

"You again, what do you want?" he asked sourly.

"The diamonds."



"Hell! You're not going to search the place all over again."

Bardsley grinned.

"I'll make a bargain with you Spike. You can keep the diamonds if you'll give me one thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Give me the Christmas pudding your wife made this afternoon. It's hanging up there on the ceiling."

# Racing in the Apple Isle is now 133 Years Old

When it comes to historical aspects of racing in Australia, one must turn to Tasmania, for it was at Richmond in the apple isle in 1814 that Tassie's first meeting was held. That was four years after the sport was ushered in in N.S.W. and 24 years before the initial fixture in Victoria if one is to be guided by early data.

TASMANIA holds a unique record in this respect and few of today's turf followers would be prepared to accept that Tassie leads many mainland States in this respect.

Hobart Turf Club, of which Mr. P. H. Croft is chairman, recently celebrated its jubilee. That is a comparatively young club, but it gives an idea that turf folk of the apple isle are, and have been, keen racegoers down the years. Hobart T.C. was originally registered with Tasmanian Racing Club in October, 1897, and conducted its first meeting on an old six furlongs track at New Town, distributing 120 sovereigns in stakes. In the march of progress, H.T.C. allocated £2,350 in stakes for its 1946 Cup—a record for a southern registered club—and has maintained its high standard this year.

Tasmania has produced some fine gallopers, horses equal to winning a Caulfield and a Melbourne Cup. Blink Bonney won the former, and Sheet Anchor the two-miler. Those horses were previously successful in the Goodwood Stakes, a feature event on Tasmanian Racing Club's programme. It takes its name from the estate on which the Elwick course now stands. Goodwood Stakes was recently revived by the Club in furtherance of T.R.C.'s efforts to provide racegoers with more attractive feature racing during the spring, formerly regarded as an "off" period. The club has a live-wire secre-

tary in Brian Osborne, who has made quite a number of changes and improvements since he took over the reins.

Probably the earliest two-year-old racing done in Australia was staged in Tasmania. Apart from private matches and sweepstakes there were some good-prized races for juveniles. As an illustration, richest two-year-old race ever decided in Tasmania was at Hobart in 1842, when six juveniles competed for a purse of 600 sovereigns.

Year 1881 saw Malua in the "all rose" livery of Thomas Reiby win the Carrick Entally Cup and T.R.C. Nursery with "Mick" O'Brien in the saddle. Malua was then known as Bagot. He went on to become the most versatile horse ever to grace the Australian turf, winning all types of races including the Melbourne Cup and the V.R.C. G. N. Hurdle and £8,424 in stakes.

## Champion Stakes, 1859.

Tasmanian R.C. in 1859 staged the then famous Champion Stakes which proved such a highlight that 10,000 people attended.

A copy of Tasmanian rules of racing in force 100 years ago was recently presented to T.R.C. by the club's handicapper, T. V. Williams. The original club was formed at a meeting at the Union Club Hotel on March 23, 1847, and comprised a committee drawn for the north and south. Membership list totalled 69

and Committee 13, first chairman being Sir Richard Dry, former Premier of Tasmania, who conducted a large racing establishment at his then vast Quamby Estate, Hagley. Committee included C. B. Hardwick (often referred to as the "father" of Tasmanian racing), Sir Francis Smith, and John Eddington. First secretary and keeper of the studbook was W. T. Carmichael.

Early rules included that horses took their ages from July 1 each year; clerk of the scales received £1 from each winner's stake for the use of the weights and scales; members were fined 10 sovereigns for riding in with the winning horses of the race (formerly a common custom), and all riders were required to weigh in after each race. Last named is not now done on many tracks. It might be a good idea were it re-introduced.

Hobart's 1948 Cup Carnival will extend over four days and carry £4,910 stake money, a record.

**I**N England v. Australia Test cricket matches bowlers F. E. Woolley secured 10 wickets for 49 at The Oval in 1912—the year of the Triangular Tests, and Bobby Peel secured 10 for 58 in Sydney in 1887. Both were left-hand bowlers. Strangely enough, Wilfred Rhodes, another left-hander, has the best one-innings figures with 7 for 17. All performances were on wet wickets.

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# WORLD'S BEST JOCKEY?

**Bernard McElwaine, English Turf expert, takes up the cudgels against American Lawton Carver and produces a rare wordy tussle.**

"Where do they get this stuff, like it says here in a story on the English Derby that Gordon Richards is the premier jockey in the world? That story must have been written by someone who was born and raised in England. Didn't he ever hear of Banana Nose?"

**N**NATURALLY, this intriguing quotation is not from a British publication. It appears under the name of Mr. Lawton Carver, an American sports columnist, who, apart from the querulous and sustained note of wounded national pride which runs through his piece, leaves us with a problem. To wit, just who is the best jockey in the world?

But back to what I regard as probably the most provocative sentence I have read in years: "Didn't he (the English writer) ever hear of Banana Nose?"

Who could resist reading on to find out all about the delectably titled Banana Nose? So listen further to Mr. Carver.

"I'll give the author of that piece some American riders who won't take a back seat for Richards or anybody else, including each other, and we can start the list with Banana Nose himself, otherwise Eddie Arcaro."

Now my own knowledge of Eddie Arcaro is confined to his nicknames—"Heady Eddie", "Mr. Stopwatch"—and the fact that he is 30, 5 ft. 3 ins., and had ridden approximately 8,000 hayburners, none of whom were fugitives from glue factories.

If all Eddie's mounts had been placed first I would not be boasting Gordon Richards, but just riding and riding winners are vastly different.

Mr. Carver is a fair man and he says:

"It is true that Richards has won more than 3,000 races, but Arcaro has approached that figure and is nearly ten years younger than the British rider. It is also true that he

(Richards) has a way with horses unlike any other rider currently on the British turf. But that is only in England. He hasn't met our riders yet."

I am not sure what Mr. Carver means when he says the American has "approached" Gordon's figure; anyway, he doesn't say that our man's record was surpassed. But Mr. Carver has got himself a wonderful idea. He wants Gordon to go to the States for the 100,000-dollar International Gold Cup Race later in the year and show his stuff. For that much money, Mr. Carver, we'll send our Mr. Hugh Dalton, who needs the dollars more than Gordon does.

On this note Mr. Carver concludes:

I don't mean this to sound like

flag-waving. I just think our riders are rougher and tougher and at least as smart as any riders to be found anywhere."

I don't mean this to sound like flag-waving, either, Mr. Carver, but using a couple of horse blankets I will semaphore a note about Gordon Richards.

In May, this year, Richards rode his 3,261st winner and knocked out of the record books the previous all-time high set up by another Britisher, Sam Heapy by name. Since then Gordon has pushed his mark up.

And, by the way, in 1941, Owen Tudor won the Derby. But Gordon, who was elected to ride him, had to be content to read about the race from a hospital bed. I put this little bit in because Mr. Carver pointed out that Gordon "has never won the Derby although he has tried more than 20 times.

"Where do they get this stuff . . . that Gordon Richards is the premier jockey in the world?" Right out of the record books, chum, right out of the record books.



*Friends of champion jockey, Gordon Richards, gather round to toast the ever-mounting record of wins.*

# BOWLS AS IT IS PLAYED ELSEWHERE

Many of our members are bowls addicts. Once the club had its regular matches and a move is afoot to re-introduce the pre-war idea. In Australia our mode of play is regular but in the land of Drake and the Playing Fields of Eton there are many side issues unknown in this country. What follows appeared recently in the "News Chronicle."

MAYBE it's symptomatic of what has happened to the purchasing power of the thruppenny bit, but the "wood-wiper" has vanished from the bowling greens of East Anglia.

Now a wood-wiper is unknown in most other parts of the country and, in fact, it would do you no good to wipe another man's wood. But in East Anglia boys used to hang about the green and for thruppence a night would wipe the woods free of stones, grass and what have you. Thus a young generation grew up in the traditions of the bowling green, and when the lads had saved enough to buy, or grew old enough to inherit, a set of woods they were all ready to take on the oldsters.

Through the years the Norfolk

bowls men have evolved their own code and hold no allegiance to the English Bowling Association. Instead they follow the rules of the English Bowling Federation and the E.B.F. game, as they call it, has its supporters in eight counties, extending from Northumberland, down through Notts, Derbyshire and Lincolnshire to Suffolk.

Chief differences between the two codes can be briefly stated. E.B.F. greens are often not so good, nor of a standard size; in singles and pairs matches E.B.F. players have only two woods; in rink matches three players per side; all woods in the ditch are "dead", with a jack in the ditch resulting in "no end".

Sitting on the green's edge at The Boar, in Ryburgh, Norfolk (pop. 550), I listened to an old wood-wiper, with his boyhood long behind him, on the vital game of bowls.

Jack Judd was his name—he had it tattooed across his forearm—and he told me of the good old days when a night's wood-wiping brought in as much as 1/6.

"They grew into good bowlers, they did," he said. "Now even women play, but goodness knows where they learn."

I gathered that Jack didn't altogether approve of women on the greens, but he confessed that most of the villagers have been beaten at one time or another by Mrs. Parker, of Sculthorpe, who, at 76, fears no bowler for miles around.

## Not Nattily Attired.

Here at the Boar there were no nattily attired old gentlemen in blue blazers and straw hats. The men came in from the farms, took a large bite into a pint and, shirt-sleeved and hatless, went on to the green.

The green seldom gets a rest, and for that reason is faintly corrugated. "Ah, but we know every little hump

in it and it don't half fox visiting teams from other villages," they told me.

There were two blocks (not rinks) in action, and as they played with a roving jack the men shifted all over the perimeter of the green. Often the woods criss-crossing each other looked like colliding, and no astronomer at his telescope follows the paths of stars and comets with the intensity displayed by the Ryburgh men. But there was never a bump.

"You've only two woods, y'see, not like four in that other game, so it takes more skill like—can't have three bad ones and win with one good 'un," explained Jack as he got up to take his turn. He bowls left-handed and therefore puts finger bias on his wood.

As the wood curved gracefully across the green, Jack went through the motions peculiar to all bowls players. He twisted, writhed, wriggled, as he stalked a few paces after it like a school boy afraid to ask the teacher. But for all his contortions and mental radar, the wood went its own sweet way—as woods do.

"Wringing" is the local word for it, and, on reflection, the players do get twisted up like a wrung towel.

Yes, the E.B.F. game is good for young and old. The Federation champion is a 34-year-old chartered accountant, Merlin Jones, of Heacham.

## Plane Sailing.

I'VE got a 'plane that's propelled by a jet:

It started on Sunday and hasn't stopped yet.

It travels so fast that the air's kind of brittle—

And I'm calling it Erie, or whittle by whittle.

—“Dogberry”, “News Chronicle”, London.

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## Intense Olympic Training

Preparation by athletes of world class for the 1948 London Olympic Games increases in intensity as the months move on.

THAT 19-year-old Alan Paterson, of Glasgow, beat the British high jump record with a leap of 6 ft. 7½ ins. at the Glasgow Rangers sports and yet did not win the event, serves to emphasise the tremendous standard we must attain to pull off Olympic titles next year—and the might that is America's in the world of athletics.

Bill Vessie, of U.S.A., who beat Paterson at the same height and won the competition because he cleared the bar at the first attempt, whereas the Scot got over with his second leap, was but one of the eight who tied for second place in the American national championship.

Nevertheless, Paterson cannot be put out of the reckoning for the Olympic title. Earlier in the year Alan told me that he thought he would clear 6 ft. 8 ins. before the season was out; his training schedule aims for at least two inches higher next summer.

The Olympic high jump at Berlin in 1936 was won at 6 ft. 9 ins. by the late Cornelius Johnson, whose 6 ft. 7 ins. at the London White City a fortnight later stood as the best in Britain until Saturday. World record is 6 ft. 11 ins., made by Lester Steers (U.S.A.) at Los Angeles in 1941.

GEORGE GEARY, the former Leicestershire and England all-rounder, now coaching at Charterhouse School, tells that he has a wonder boy under his supervision.

He is P. B. H. May, aged 18, and Geary says he is the finest schoolboy batsman he has ever seen in his life, either in England or in Australia.

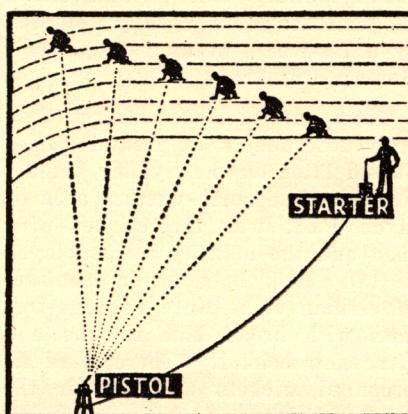
This season May has scored four centuries for Charterhouse, including one against Harrow and another against Eton. Against the Old Carthusians he scored 88 in the first innings and 140 in the second.

"He is a certain England player

## NEW GADGETS FOR ATHLETES

ATHLETICS is moving with the times—so much so that you can expect to see the Wembley arena equipped with many new technical contraptions calculated still further to advance achievement when the Olympic Games are staged next year.

Experiments are taking place with a high-jumping apparatus which records leaps by the breaking of rays passing between the two upright posts. The wooden bar remains



See details in accompanying Story.

as a target for the jumper, but if he should clear this bar with several inches to spare the rays broken will record the actual height.

Such an innovation could lead to improved standards by champions, because they might be spared the expending energy on jumping at each height to which the bar is raised.

If, for instance, at 5 ft. 10 ins. the ray registered a clearance of 6 ft. 2 ins. the successful jumper could rest until the bar was raised above the latter height.

### Electrically Controlled Pistol.

A new system of starting runners from staggered marks (in echelon) has passed the experimental stage and is to be introduced at the White City on August Bank Holiday for the inter-counties meeting.

It has long been a bone of con-

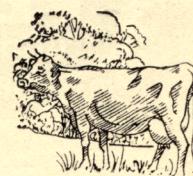
cern of the future, providing he can devote sufficient time to the game," Geary says. He has a Surrey qualification.

tention that the track runner in the outside lane of a staggered start begins his race under a handicap; his rivals, being nearer to the starter, have just that fraction of a second advantage on sound when the gun is fired.

To eliminate this a remote-controlled firing system of starting, as shown in the accompanying diagram, has been devised by Mr. Don Paine, of the Counties A.U. The starter will take up his usual position and give the preliminary orders, then press a button to fire an electrically-controlled pistol mounted on a stand at an equal distance from each runner.

### To Prevent "Fliers".

America also has a new starting device to prevent "fliers". Check bands of rubber hold the runners back until the gun is fired, when the bands are automatically released.



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# HYDE PARK — BORN 1810

HYDE PARK to-day bears little resemblance to that area of rough ground which in 1810 Governor Macquarie proclaimed a "place for the recreation and amusement of the town and as a field of exercise for the troops".

Earlier, Governor Phillip had set the area aside as a common, but the site became a dump for garbage and a grazing spot for cattle, pigs and goats, traversed in all directions by short cuts to outlying points of settlement.

Macquarie was an idealist and this is evidenced in the name he bestowed on the "people's park". Hyde Park not only linked the little colony to the great city of London, but it perpetuated a very old name, for the Manor of Hyde originally belonged to the Monks of St. Peters, Westminster and signified in Anglo-Saxon, an area of land of about 80 to 120 acres.

Incidentally, in true Australian

style, the first race meeting in Sydney was held in Hyde Park under the auspices of the 73rd Regiment, 9 days after Governor Macquarie's proclamation!

The national game of cricket was not long in making its appearance in Hyde Park. Matches were played there in the 1820's, these being between military and civilian clubs; the matches were usually followed by a festive night at Toby Green's Hotel in Pitt Street.

These early cricket matches were truly forerunners of greater games played later on the Sydney Cricket Ground. The north-western area of Hyde Park was the cricket area then and the military teams played in tall black hats, while members of civilian clubs wore cabbage-tree hats with broad blue ribbons and streamers behind! There were no prepared wickets and as for the spectators, they simply ranged themselves around the ground.

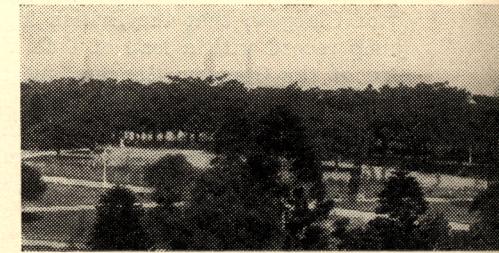
In 1835 a public walk was formed in Hyde Park and the cutting for Park Street along which gigs, tandems, broughams and four-in-hands proudly trotted towards the lighthouse and the attractions of Botany, spelled disaster to the Rotten Row of Sydney. Here also was made the Lover's Walk which narrowly escaped being called Bourke Avenue!

Busby's Bore, the colony's first man-made water supply, ended at Hyde Park and up to 1837, water-carters fought for precedence at the stand-pipe in Hyde Park, near the Queen's Square of to-day.

It is rather amusing to read a letter to the "Sydney Morning Herald" dated 8th October, 1841, in which an indignant citizen of Sydney complained that he was attacked in Hyde Park by a furious bull which was ranging amidst more than 30 cows and horses.

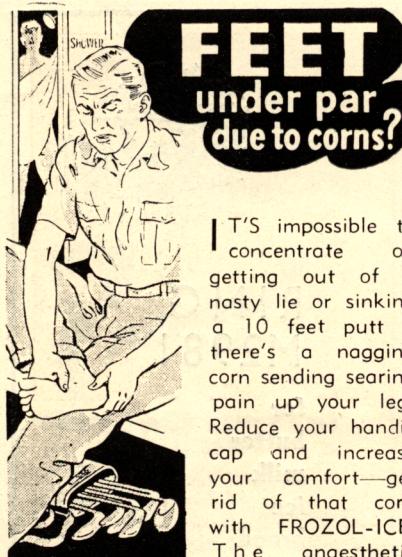
The bull, incidentally, belonged to a "cow-keeper" in Bathurst Street!

Towards the end of the 1850's the



Hyde Park

last organised cricket matches were played in Hyde Park and over the next ten years progress in making the area into a park was made by Charles Moore who did so much for Sydney in beautifying the Botanical Gardens. Mr. Moore caused to be planted two rows of his favourite fig trees and also planned and had carried out such work as the making of paths, levelling, draining, pro-



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# AND STILL GOING STRONG

ing, especially so when referring to, figuratively, the Research Department for data supplied.



er Days.

viding rustic seats and replacing the two-rail fence by one of palings.

#### First Big Crowd.

In 1879, Hyde Park's first really big crowd arrived when with suitable pomp and ceremony the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, unveiled the Statue to Captain Cook. The day was proclaimed a public holiday and every point of vantage on the

Museum and Grammar School building was occupied. The crowd numbered about 60,000 and special trains ran to Redfern Station.

#### Hard Fought Elections.

During the hardly fought elections of our earlier days Hyde Park saw much vigorous campaigning. The hustings were at the northern end of the park, not far from St. James Church, and there vanished leaders led their supporters to victory or defeat.

One of the most memorable of these occasions was in the 1880's when a vast crowd gathered to witness the defeat of Sir Henry Parkes; this grand old knight, however, remained as impressive in defeat as in success.

Up to the time that the city rail-

way works were commenced, Hyde Park was a mass of indigenous and imported trees, many of which had grown to a great size. Time and the city railway have altered the scene and with the removal of most of the trees only a small section of old Hyde Park remains—that fringe along Elizabeth Street.

In 1920 with the widening of Park Road, or as we know it, Park Street, the area of Hyde Park was reduced to 38 acres—its present extent.

As the city railway was completed so the new design of the Park came into being—the radial paths, the carefully planned landscape gardening, the great Anzac Memorial and the Archibald Fountain.

#### The Park To-day.

To-day, that pleasant stretch of lawn and garden, which boasts more than a century of varied history, makes a graceful and lovely "breathing space" in the heart of a now great Sydney.



*The Park as it is today and showing our Club premises on the left.*

# All Cats are Grey in the Dark

A lot of men chase a lot of women because they seek new experiences—then say, "all cats are grey in the dark."

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN, in "New World," Canada.

SOME of my friends who saw the French film, "The Baker's Wife", were greatly taken by the attitude of one of the characters who expresses the notion that love is very interesting, of course, but it should not be allowed to interfere with work, for at night all cats are grey. "Somewhat cynical, maybe," said one of my friends, "but everybody knows it is pretty close to the truth. And how fresh, how revolutionary a statement it is, especially when you compare it with the everlasting Hollywood boy-meets-girl theme."

In the first place, the notion that one lady's charms, when masked by impenetrable night, are much the same as any other lady's, far from being revolutionary, is as old as the hills, and certainly is as shopworn as the boy-meets-girl theme so dear to Hollywood. I seem to remember that Dumas used the words, "All Cats are Grey in the Dark", as a

chapter title in "The Three Musketeers". It's an old joke. It has the right touch of cynicism that seems to come out of a vast experience with woman and love-making in the long watches of the night. The only thing wrong with the statement, according to acquaintances of mine who have been scandalously persistent in acquiring experience, is that there is not an ounce of truth in it: it has none of the truth of the boy-meets-girl theme.

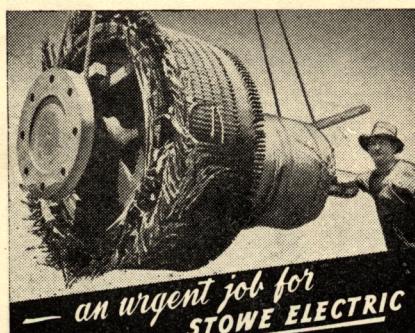
### When I was a Boy.

When I was a boy I used to be deeply impressed by those weary men of the world who sat around in comfortable corners and passed the word along lightly that love-making was just like eating when you were hungry, and that it was all the same wherever you found it. And then, as time passed and I looked back on these characters, I could not recall ever seeing one of them with a woman, certainly never with an attractive woman. Some of these wise souls were illiterate fellows, hanging around the street corners whistling at the girls passing under the street lights; some were educated and worldly. They had read many books, and they had gone to strange cities and had returned to answer the old question, "Tell us what the women are like there, pal," and they had answered with a weary shrug, "Just the same as any other place." But whether they were illiterate or educated, I learned later that they had hardly even been in love; what they had picked up was essentially a literary attitude about women. The cynical chuckle usually masked their innocence. No woman ever followed them with an aching heart; no woman ever grew restless at the sight of one of them coming down the road; for it is not improbable that the ladies understood that those who chuckled, "At night all cats are grey," were the innocents who never went out at night, and who lived their lives in the bright sun-light.

To come back on the girl-meets-boy theme — Hollywood can't go wrong on it nor make the same theme hackneyed; they can mess up the treatment, or make it trite and unimportant, or make it a dull story; but the people who are weary of the theme are the people who are weary of life and the love of a man for a woman. Even an old man, sitting in a theatre, knows in his heart that the whole course of his life was changed when he met a certain woman, and if he doesn't admit it while he watches the movie it must at times occur to him when he goes home and looks at his wife.

He may sigh and regret in his heart the day he met her; he may dream of the high deeds he might have done or he may even feel content with the way it worked out for them; but it all began when he met her—she either soured and twisted his life, or brought him more happiness than he ever expected. And whether he was a successful baker, or a crooked politician, or a good reliable bookie, the work he was engaged in did not and could not cover up the story of his personal happiness or personal sorrow which came out of his first meeting with the woman. The great love legend of Tristan and Isolde, is simply the boy-meets-girl theme. Maybe there is no other love story.

Come to think of it, I grow a bit uneasy when I hear of a man who never lets love interfere with his work. Such a man frightens me a little. He is bound to be thoroughly disciplined, to have enough will power for ten men, to have the kind of nobility which always brings him a little closer to his goal. He will be hardheaded and never softhearted. He will be free from a weakening tenderness. Above all, he will represent in himself that hardness of heart which is the curse of the world today. He will have no personal love story; instead, he will have a story of ambition and indus-



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(Continued foot of next column.)

# WALTER HAMMOND'S OWN STORY

Condensed from "Cricket My Destiny"

I QUALIFIED for Kent in June, 1903, by being born in Dover, but the legend that my first spoken words were "How's that?" when they took away the bottle is not necessarily authentic. I was a soldier's son, and my first memories are of Malta before the 1914 war, when my father was stationed there with his regiment.

I have clear memories of the first cricket I ever played, when I was eight or nine years old, in the brilliant Malta sunshine. We used to chalk a wicket on the gun-shed door, being most careful to draw in immovable bails; our ball was an irregular object that looked like one of those ruins that Cromwell (who was a notable cricketer) knocked about a bit. As for the bat, it was one discarded by the soldiers

try. His wife, his good companion, will, of course, conspire with him, work with him, suffer with him, admire him, make speeches on the same platform with him.

But surely there will come moments when she lies in the dark alone, even though she be 60 and he be one of the men who is remaking the map of the world, and she will feel that there was always great loneliness in her life which could never be explained to him because it might divert him from his work. She herself may grow ashamed of her loneliness and wonder why the lonely feeling always began when she remembered the time she first met him and they began their life together.

It is quite true that love is rarely allowed to interfere with the work of men over 60. It is equally true that the world today is largely in the hands of men over 60. So love will not interfere with the way they handle the world. Let's see what they do with it. At the present moment in history they don't seem to be doing very well. If they blow up the world again, it can hardly be said that they became irresponsible because they were distracted by a tender passion for the woman of their dreams.

because of a smashed end; we sawed off the broken part, and found the extra long handle even more effective with the shorter blade.

Confidence, born in the sterner arena of Malta days, enabled me to tackle schoolboy bowling with zest and increasing success. Once, in a house match, I made 365. I learned to "go for the bowling," rather than let the bowler go for my wicket. Big scores only come when the batsman is on the attack.

In 1918 a carefree career received an abrupt check. My father was killed in France. Hitherto, I had been quite content to enjoy my cricket and leave the future to take care of itself. Now, however, I suddenly began to worry about a job. What work could I do in the world? I knew I had a rotten record at books. What sort of a recommendation was this for a prospective employer, that I could knock up 50 against good bowling at times, but had no other real qualification whatsoever?

In 1920 I left school, with regret, and not without considerable uneasiness for the future. I was sorry to say goodbye to Mr. Fraser. He looked at me inscrutably as usual; I did not know till quite a long while afterwards that he had taken a step that was actually to find me my life long employment, by writing to the Gloucestershire C.C. captain, Foster Robinson, giving him my school cricket record and suggesting that I might be worth a trial for the County.

After some discussions, Gloucestershire decided to give me a trial; and like a bolt from the blue came an invitation to me to turn out in a County side against the Old Cliftonians at Clifton College in August, 1920. I scored 60 and 8, was given a chance with the ball and bagged two for 24, and also picked up a catch.

The Gloucestershire County authorities decided to make me an offer to join the County side. They were very fair, pointing out accurately the drawbacks and advantages of a professional cricketer's

life. Their arguments remain etched in my memory because of my great anxiety that we should accept the offer. They said that not many players continue after 35 or 40, and that after a successful career most of them cannot count on anything beyond the simple necessities of life. During the active part of their life, it is almost impossible to carry out any other employment effectively, and still have time to play big cricket. At the same time most players have a happy and contented existence, and enough is earned for modest comfort.

I thought for about five seconds, which seems longer than it sounds and is capable of enclosing a vast deal of cogitation; and then, smiling all over, I said: "All right! I'll sign!"

It was too late for me to do anything that season; but at the beginning of the 1921 summer I went to live in Bristol, where I was sent to Clifton College, nominally as assistant coach to famous John Tunnicliffe of Yorkshire—but really to learn from the great man such essentials of style as my "home-made" cricket lacked, before venturing it in the hard school of County matches.

1921 was a disheartening season for English cricket in general. In the Tests we were overwhelmed. The pre-war English bowlers had been dreadfully depleted, and the post-war players were not yet knitted into anything resembling a real team. Meanwhile, the Australians were soaring to heights of glory, with my idol, Charlie Macartney leading the way. Presently, they were at Bristol, walking like gods across the pitch, inspecting it critically; and Mr. Robinson, our skipper had come to me the night before and told me that I was selected to play!

No man ever forgets his first game against an international side, and as this was my first game since my engagement by Gloucestershire, I have double cause to remember it, even though we lost the match against the Australians.

# The Amazing Don Bradman

The remarkable Don Bradman, greatest run-scoring batsman of all time, had the following amazing figures as at December 1 last:—296 innings, 37 not out, highest score 452 n.o., aggregate 24,593; average 94.95.

ONE does not know whether to give the above prominence over his run of 100 centuries or vice versa.

Figures quoted are restricted to first-class matches and over a period of 20 years (he started in 1927-28 season) no cricketer has earned anywhere near his "world class" space by scribes.

If one were to add the runs scored, as stated above, those of grade matches in Sydney and Adelaide, plus those scored in country cricket with Bowral before he hit "big time" the aggregate would astound.

That is something for the future.

Some of his lesser known records include:—

Only batsman to score three centuries in one day in Test cricket; 100 before lunch, 100 between lunch

and tea adjournment, and, 100 before tea and stumps. That was against England at Leeds in 1930. Total 334.

Has scored his centuries at a faster rate than any cricketer in history of the game.

Shares with Warren Bardsley the record of scoring over 2,000 runs on his first three visits to England, etc., etc.

When one falls into the trap of quoting figures of Bradman's making he gets lost completely. When the champion finally retires it is going to be a long, long job of sifting the various departments.

Ever since he first hit the headlines Don has astounded by his remarkable stamina and never flagging enthusiasm.

He is truly a marvel of the age and being able to play cricket is not his only virtue.

Here's a little story of a happening early in his career.

The N.S.W.C.A. sent a State side on a tour of the Riverina and, naturally, Bradman was a star performer. Let me quote what happened at Albury.

Alan Kippax was skipper of the tourists and, after winning the toss, sent Albury to the wickets.

Just before the luncheon adjournment "Kippy" threw the ball to Bradman to have a bowl. He secured two wickets in his first over.

The crowd was delighted and of course, after lunch, Kippax let him continue to operate.

The bag was five wickets for less than 10 runs.

Local papers came out quoting "Bradman Champion Bowler".

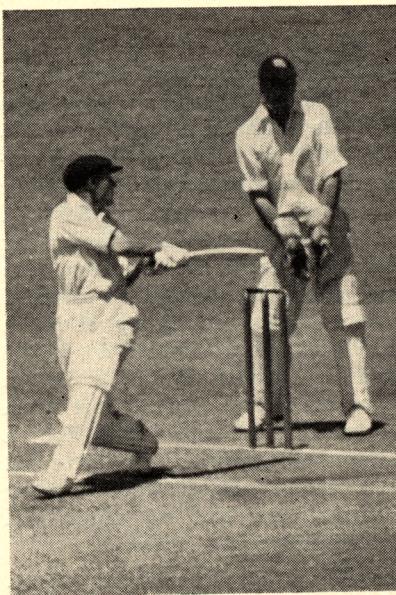
In the late afternoon Don took his place at the batting crease and rattled up 218.

Local papers changed headlines to "Bradman Champion Batsman".

That evening it so happened that snooker champion Horace Lindrum was giving an exhibition in Albury.

A few months prior to that the writer had brought the pair together and they were appreciative of each other.

Horace invited Don to "play the (Continued foot of Next Page)



Don Bradman.

Greatest aggregate in one Test series—974 in England, 1930.

Greatest aggregate in one season in first-class cricket in Australia—1,690 runs in 1928-29.

Greatest aggregate ever made by an Australian in one season on an English tour—2,960 in 1930.

Shares with C. B. Fry, of England, a record of making six centuries in six consecutive first-class matches. (Up to December 1, he had scored three in a row this season so another record may be on the way.)

Shares in the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th wicket Test partnerships with the 451 partnered by W. Ponsford at The Oval in 1934 the highest.

Shares with Walter Hammond (Eng.) the highest number of double-centuries scored. Tally is 35 apiece and seems certain to go by the board.

Is the only Australian batsman to score 1,000 runs in England in the month of May. He has done it twice.



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# ROUNDABOUT of SPORT



Nancye Bolton, Australia's lady tennis champion of 1947, who toured abroad and gathered in eight oversea titles.

**W.** J. EDRICH, captaining Middlesex for the first time, led his side to a 10 wickets victory over

other stick" and the batsman accepted pronto.

Also, on the same evening, the visiting cricketers were accorded an official reception. Things happened in this order:

Bradman, in receipt of a liberal start, won the snooker match. Papers headlined next morning "Bradman Snooker Expert".

At the reception, which ended with a Smoko, the pianist engaged failed to materialise. Bradman acted as deputy. Papers headlined "Bradman Brilliant Pianist". Don has also recorded piano excerpts for "Columbia".

Don is also a brilliant mathematician and newswriter but, withall, modest to a degree.

Verily, one may write The Amazing Bradman.

Liecestershire in a match which produced 1,405 runs for 24 wickets.

The highest aggregate for a three-day county championship match recorded in Wisden is 1,475 for 27 wickets — Northants v. Surrey, at Northampton, 1920.

\* \* \*

**JOE DAVIS**, former World Snooker Champion, writes from Durban (S.A.) :

My visit to Rhodesia was a success from all points of view. I made three snooker century breaks, the highest being 120 at the Can and Motor Mine Recreation Club.

But I failed this time to find any really outstanding or promising young players. In fact, apart from reunions with old friends of past visits, my most interesting contact was with a huge and fearsome lioness at a range of two yards. This was in the Game Preserve.

Fortunately I was in a car with the engine running and in gear. To the lioness, however, a retired snooker champion meant absolutely nothing at all—so long as he was inside a closed car!

I am on my way to Pietermaritzburg, Natal, where, on a former visit, I made the highest break of my life, 141, a break not recognised as a world's record.



Ernest Toshack, our Test demon bowler, who secured the remarkable figures of 5 for 2 and 6 for 29 in the first Test Match against India at Brisbane.



Norman von Nida, who tried his skill in England this year and defeated all opponents for the "most consistent" player of the season. Next year intends to try his luck in U.S.A.

**H**ENRY COTTON, famous golfer, offered this advice for "Holiday Golf" to "News of the World" recently:

I'd like to give holiday golfers a bit of advice this week.

Now that courses are running faster there is always a tendency when playing shots to the green to swing shorter with the underlying idea that the ball will be kept more under control and so will not go too far.

Usual result is that the shot is mis-hit, for on the way down it becomes necessary to accelerate suddenly to get any speed on the club head at all; and in this violent acceleration, up comes the player's head, for the right shoulder puts in some power as well.

I have, however, found—though it is hard to do—that it is best to swing that little bit extra far back for all little shots around the green.

More shots are missed from 50 yards down to short putts through underswinging than overswinging.

Another hint. Keep the ball on the right foot, hold the blade squarely, hit boldly down and through, and look at the ball.

## ROUNDABOUT OF SPORT — *Continued*

**D**ONALD BUDGE, sometimes quoted as the greatest tennis player of all time, greatly favours introduction of a World Open Tournament.

Wimbledon is becoming sadly short these days of dynamic and outstanding personalities of the Budge, Perry Tilden, and Vines type. And why? Because they all forsake the amateur ranks for professionalism after establishing themselves as world champions, with the inevitable result that the whole game is beginning to suffer.

Now Jack Kramer, Dinny Pails and Segura add to the list.

Open competitions, in which these famous ex-amateurs could battle through against present-day amateurs, would help enormously to keep public interest up to the tensest, and at the same time would give our Wimbledon and Davis Cup "hope-



*Geoff Brown, tennis champion, after a disappointing showing overseas with Australia's Davis Cup team, has since shown the value of experience abroad and is playing the best tennis in his career.*

fuls" the opportunity of pitting themselves against the stiffest opposition in the world.

\* \* \*

**L**ATEST idea in England to brighten soccer football matches —

First-class entertainment by stage and radio personalities and bands for 30 to 40 minutes before the kick-off and during the interval will be a feature of Football League matches in the coming season.

A company known as Sports Entertainments will not only provide the shows, which will also include community singing and special recordings by famous stars, but will pay for the privilege of using the loudspeakers.

Although programmes will be sponsored, only a brief acknowledgement of the sponsor and his show will be given during the performance.

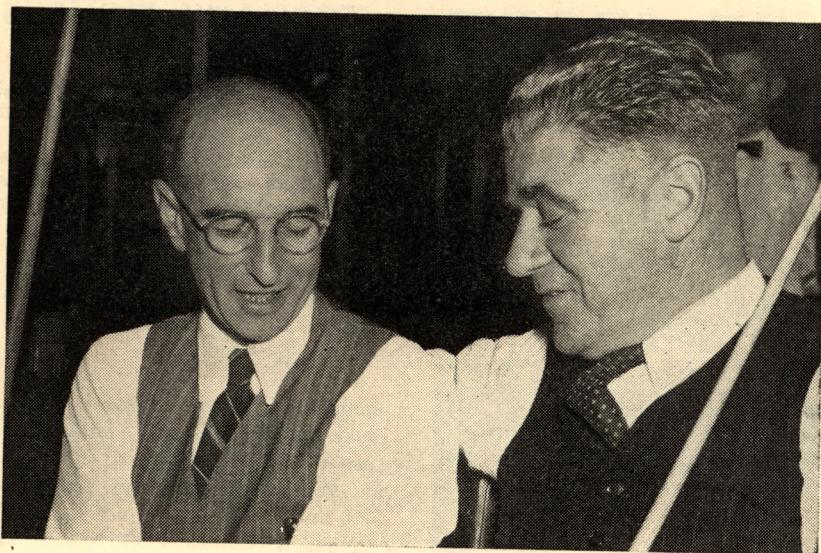


**W**IND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.

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**THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT**  
**Klipper Ties**  
PURE SILK OR PURE WOOL



While applauding the "tops" in other realms of sport, let's stay a moment and recall how our members Gersh Fienberg (winner) and Alf Vockler (runner-up) headed the field in our 1946 Billiards Tournament.

OUR tennis stars did us proud while overseas this year. Although we did not regain the Davis Cup it was quite evident we are No. 2 rating in world class at the moment. Defection of Dinny Pails to professional ranks and the announced retirement of John Bromwich from major contests in 1948 leaves an opening for up-and-comers. Walter Pate, astute manager of the U.S.A. Davis Cuppers on their last visit to this country, has stated his opinion that Colin Long, of Melbourne, is right up with the best and with Adrian Quist showing a return to something like his best form there is no need for despondency. Sidwell, Sedgman, Worthington, Dart, McCarthy and Geoff Brown form the nucleus of a formidable team to uphold Australia's prestige in home or oversea contests.

**M**R. FRED CORCORAN, American P. G. A. tournament manager, arrived at Hoylake recently by air with a proposal that the Ryder Cup match between America and Britain should be played in May, 1948, on a course in Ohio (writes Charles Buchan).

The date is about a fortnight before the American Open Championship and British players would receive an invitation to make a bid for the title.

Cmdr. Roe, British P.G.A. secretary, has called a meeting of his committee to discuss the proposal. Norman von Nida will carry the Australian colours in this event.

**B**EST performed Australian tennis player of 1947 has been Mrs. Nancye Bolton who secured no less than eight championship titles of

various nations. Nancye is emphatic that Australian tennis will not greatly improve until regular trips are made abroad by our tops. Declares her defeat at Wimbledon was due solely to inexperience. Has hopes that Misses Louise Brough and Margaret Osborne, of U.S.A., will tour Australia next year.

\* \* \*

**S**O great will be the crush at London 1948 Olympic Games next year that a scheme is afoot to request private families to board some of the visitors. Over 7,000 applications have already been received for accommodation and, counting contestants, it is anticipated the "invasion" will touch the 50,000 mark.

\* \* \*

**B**Y private letter we are informed Victorian bowler George Tribe has been appointed official coach at Old Trafford (Eng.) and will shortly appear as a member of Lancashire County side.

\* \* \*

**V**ETERAN'S recollection after seeing a N.S.W. player, fielding against the Indians, stop a boundary shot with his shin: "Better had he allowed the extra two runs. Australia lost Ponsford in the first hour of a Test match on S.C.G., and he was out for the match, through stepping on a ball—which he had attempted to stop—wrenching his ankle.

\* \* \*

**H**OLMES, who scored two tries for Cheshire - Lancashire by dashes along the wing, and thereby contributed to the defeat of the Wallabies, must be a durable fellow. He appeared to be in his mid-twenties when he won the 100 yards championship at the Empire Games in Sydney in 1938.

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# ROUNABOUT OF SPORT

## Continued

THE 1948 Anniversary Regatta on Sydney Harbour will usher in a new system. Instead of cramming every event into one day it is proposed to take three and also admit, for the first time, speedboat racing. There will be, also for first time, no flagship. Instead Clarke Island will be official headquarters. Sailing will eventuate on the harbour proper while speedboats will operate on a slightly extended course from Rose Bay. Rowing events will take place on upper reaches of the harbour.

\* \* \*

QUESTION often asked is "how do Australian cricket crowds compare with those at English grounds?" Official figures are rarely available but the following gives a fair idea and shows this country in particularly good light:—

"Receipts for the Yorkshire v. S. Africa match at Sheffield, £3,879, were a record in the county's cricket history.

"Attendance for the three days: 40,000, of whom 30,872 paid for admission."



Colin Long who was rated by American authorities as a certain Australian star in future Davis' Cup contests.

IN answer to a query from a member: The world heavyweight boxing title has been held by the following, in order: 1882, J. J. Corbett; 1897, Bob Fitzsimmons; 1889, James Jeffries; 1906, Tommy Burns; 1908, Jack Johnson; 1915, Jess Willards; 1919, Jack Dempsey; 1926, Gene Tunney; 1930, Max Schmeling; 1932, Jack Sharkey; 1933, Primo Carnera; 1934, Max Baer; 1935, James Braddock; 1937 Joe Louis.

\* \* \*

WALT DISNEY'S "Alice in Wonderland", which was started long before the war, and suspended while he concentrated on training pictures, is now going full speed ahead. However, at least two more years of work are needed. Release date is set for 1950.

It has been decided to make it an all-cartoon feature, not part life and part animation as first announced. The film will cost £750,000.

\* \* \*

RANVIRSHINHJI, grand-nephew of the great "Ranji", is an English Public School boy. He said that Merchant, who had been unable to make the trip through illness, was India's greatest batsman—sound as an opener, yet a stylist, capable of playing on all types of wickets against all types of bowling.

## TOSHACK FIGURES

Not Test Record.

Ernie Toshack's figures in the Australia v. India Test match at Brisbane this month did not take him to the top of the record-makers but, of course, they are the best ever against India and will probably stand for many years to come.

HERE are two instances of a bowler taking 10 or more wickets and having a better average than Toshack's 2.81. Like Toshack, they were left-handers.

Best of all was by Bert Ironmonger, famous Victorian. When Australia dismissed South Africa for 36 and 45 on a very bad wicket at Melbourne in 1931-2 he took 5/6 and 6/5—11/14—average 1.27.

Next best was 7/17 and 8/11—15 for 28, average 1.86—by Johnny Briggs, noted Lancashire all-rounder, for England against South Africa at Capetown in 1888-9.

The South Africans could make only 46 and 43. Their cricket, of course, was very weak at that time, and Briggs' performance could hardly rank with those of Ironmonger and Toshack, even though it was accomplished on a matting wicket, while the two Australians operated on rain-damaged turf pitches.

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# A "Pitcher" Story from the Pink 'Un

**B**UT was Tom Sayers the wonder—the embodiment of all the virtues—that a generation now in its sere and yellow leaf claims him to have been?

I beg leave to strongly doubt it, but then I never was a hero worshipper.

Inter alia, it was in the sanded bar of a little pub in the "Green Lanes" at Brighton that I fell in with a handful of idolators of the pre-Farnborough era.

"Only think of it," quoth one, "I worked alongside of Johnny Heenan in a lumber yard in the States afore ever he knewed 'ow to use his dooks at all!"

"Indeed!" asserted the bibulous remnant of a sartorial artist loftily, "and I measured Tom Sayers for a suit o' clothes the very day after the 'mill' at Farnboro!"

"And I," softly murmured a third, raising somebody else's pewter to his lips, while the "light of other days" softly illuminated his solitary optic: "I touched old Jim Mace for a couple o' bob only last night outside o' the Old Ship!"

And once more the truth of the old saw to the effect that a single live moko knocks the stuffing out of a whole forest full of dead lions became readily apparent.

Upon the point of Tom Sayer's supremacy, an old and honourable friend of mine—W. Wignell, long may his handsome old face be seen in Fleet Street—once had an argument with that fine old Scotsman, Matthew Dawson, and for the sake of the ruling of a very high authority which the incident includes, I may be excused for relating it.

Mat Dawson was an ardent Sayers-ite, and considered the Brighton-bred eleven stunner second to none; but "Wig" wouldn't hear the champion mentioned in the same breath with Young Dutch Sam. The disputants were travelling up from one of the now defunct race-meetings with which Surrey abounded, and words ran so high that eventually a level fiver was betted, the question to be submitted to Nat Langham as soon as the travellers reached town.

Nat Langham's parlour was crowded that night, as it generally was, and some time slipped by before the host could be buttonholed, taken aside and appealed to. But



*Dinny Pails, of Sydney, provided the tennis sensation of the year after returning from oversea with the Davis Cup side. He kept his own counsel regarding movements, but has now left for U.S.A. and a lucrative professional contract.*

no sooner had the case been put to him than he stood up, held his right hand aloft for silence, which was immediately granted him, and cried, for the amusement of the company: "Two gentlemen here, friends of mine, have got a wager as to which I consider the better fighter—Tom Sayers or Young Dutch Sam. I can only say that I wish I was standing in with the backer of Sam!"

This was a very strong opinion to express, coming as it did from the only man who ever defeated the Brighton bricklayer; and, moreover, Sayers was in the room at the time, and heard Langham's decision, but refrained from actively challenging it, though it naturally started many heated arguments.

(By the way, in the Sayers v. Heenan contest both bruisers took terrific punishment, Sayers having his right arm smashed, while Heenan's both eyes were closed as tight as a drum. As a wag remarked after the fight that "while everybody was prepared to admit that Heenan was a brick, nobody could deny that Sayers was a bricklayer.")—G.P.C.

Fred van Rensburg, South African snooker professional, had the rare pleasure a day or two ago of scoring off the opening stroke and clearing the table all in one break of 134 on a non-standard table.

## Choose Your Executor With Care

**W**HATEVER you do, avoid appointing an Executor and Trustee who lacks experience in the work of administering Estates. Experience is essential, for in so technical a task wisdom comes to no man by chance.

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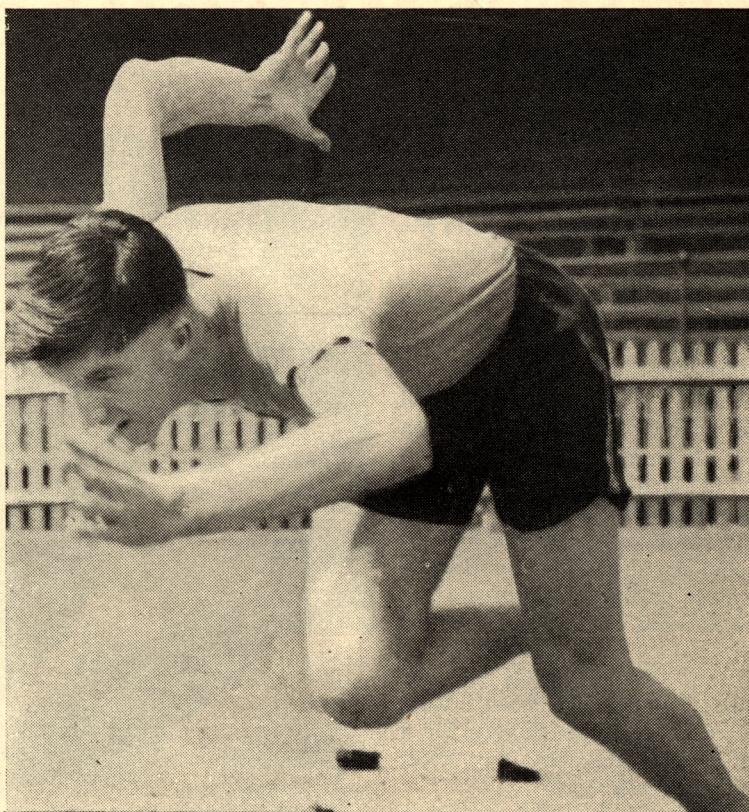
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## JOHN TRELOAR

JOHN TRELOAR is frequently quoted as the fastest Australian ever. Forget it. He has the attributes to earn the honour but the fastest runner this country has produced was Jack Donaldson who cut out the 100 yards in 9 3/8 seconds at J'burg (S.A.) in 1910. Treloar is a worthy champion and only 19 years of age. He appears set for a brilliant athletic career here and abroad. Away back in 1891 W. T. McPherson held the amateur record at 9 4/5 seconds but in 1920 the holder was W. W. Hunt at 10 seconds dead. We had apparently slipped. Then in 1923 "Slip" Carr equalled McPherson's time which was equalled by L. C. Parker, of Queensland, in 1926 and again, in 1930 by Jimmy Carlton who later registered 9.6 which stood for years. Now Treloar makes a habit of clocking 9.6 and it is reasonable to assume he will, in due course, shade the best yet among amateur ranks and may even give Donaldson's feat a shake.



John Treloar, speedy sprinter, and one of Australia's hopes for the 1948 Olympic Games to be contested in London.

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# POOL SPLASHES

## Chatterton and Shaffran on Top

**F**IRST blood of the season was drawn by C. Chatterton and J. Shaffran who tied in the opening Point Score series of 1947/1948.

Neither had landed a prize before so Handicapper Jack Gunton has hopped off on the right leg by sharing the trophies round.

Chatterton looked a certainty for an outright win but was unable to contest the last race of the series and thus enabled our fish spearing expert, Jack Shaffran, with a record of a first, a second and a third for the month, to draw level.

Chatterton's month's record included two firsts but the handicapper has got his measure now by reducing his start by a couple of seconds.

A new performer, E. Webber, from a very popular winning stable, has also been marked down by two seconds, but not before he had landed two wins and a third in five starts.

Champion Bill Kendall has been seen in a couple of flying finishes recently but with the longer markers improving so much all the time the ex-Olympic star would need to better a few records to gain the judges' eyes.

Racing has been particularly good this season and enthusiasm bids fair to exceed even that of last season. Six races have been held with an average line up of sixteen starters and that's not too bad.

None of the swimmers has any Olympic illusions but they all get plenty of fun and sport out of the racing. The Club can provide good sport for any number of new members and invites as many as care to come along to race in the Pool on Tuesdays and lunch in cool conditions unequalled anywhere else.

Talking about consistency, Harry Davis and Bob Withycombe and Bill Kendall and Stuart Murray put a model exhibition the other day in a Brace Relay Handicap when they tied in both heat and final.

Early in December an innovation was tried out in the form of a Team's Handicap of three men in a team each swimming 20 yards. Most of

the stayers scoffed at the idea of only racing one lap but when the officials insisted on them swimming both heats and final within a few minutes they reckoned it wasn't as soft as it looked.

Anyway the sides of the Pool looked as if a tidal wave had them after the race and onlookers will keep well back next time such an event is held.

Big event of December will be the popular Christmas Scramble when the boys will race for prizes of Christmas cheer so keep your eyes on the notice board for the date and events.

Results.—80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 4th November:—C. Chatterton and T. H. English (53) 1, J. Shaffran and P. Lindsay (49) 2, E. Webber and K. Hunter (51) 3. Time 51 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 11th November:—C. Chatterton (26) 1, G. Carr (25) 2, J. Shaffran (25) 3. Time 24 1/5 seconds.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 18th November:—J. Shaffran and E. Webber (52) 1, H. E. Davis and R. J. Withycombe (48) and S. Murray and W. Kendal (42) tie, 2. Time 49 seconds.

40 Yards Handicap, 25th November:—E. Webber (28) 1, T. H. English (27) 2, C. Hoole (24) 3. Time 25 2/5 seconds.

60 Yards Teams Handicap, 2nd December:—D. Wilson, C. Hoole, and V. Richards (35) 1, E. Webber, D. B. Hunter and K. Hunter (37) 2, S. Lorking, T. H. English and N. P. Murphy (37) 3.

October - November Point Score: C. Chatterton and J. Shaffran, 22 points, tie, 1; K. Hunter and H. E. Davis, 19, tie, 3; T. H. English, 17, 5; N. P. Murphy and C. Hoole, 16, tie, 6; S. Murray and E. Webster, 15,

tie, 8; P. Lindsay and S. Lorking, 14, tie, 10.

November-December Point Score: With two races to be swum to complete this series, the leaders are:—E. Webber 15, C. Hoole 14, T. H. English 12, K. Hunter 11, N. P. Murphy 9, D. Wilson 8, V. Richards 8, S. B. Solomon 7, P. Lindsay 7, S. Lorking 7, J. Shaffran 7, S. Murray 7, D. B. Hunter 7, H. E. Davis 6.

## STAFF DANCE

*"There was a sound of revelry by night  
And all went merry as a marriage bell."*

AT the State Ballroom, Market St., Sydney, on the 3rd of December, 1947, when Tattersall's Staff Social Club held their first Staff Dance.

Almost every member of the Staff arranged a party and the arrangements were in the capable hands of Frank Blankley (Chairman), Tom Coleman (Hon. Sec.), Jim Scott (Hon. Treas.), with Mr. Van, Ted Webb, Kath McInnes and Gladys Hourie (Committee).

Merv Lyons and his boys supplied the music.

The dance floor was crowded, particularly for the Barn Dances and numerous prizes were distributed during the evening.

Club officials were the guests of the Staff and those present were Mr. Stan Chatterton (Chairman), Mr. John Hickey (Hon. Treas.), Mr. John Roles, Mr. George Chiene, Mr. Frank Carberry and their ladies.

The floral decorations on their table were greatly admired and appreciated.

Over 300 sat down to supper and the function was voted such a success as to make it an annual affair.

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**HANDBALL**

One of the Club Championships has been completed and Peter Lindsay, by defeating Arthur McCamely in the final by 21-15, 21-11, has been crowned "B" Grade Champion.

McCamely entered the final by winning over Clarrie Woodfield 21-15, 21-14.

Only move in the "A" Grade was that Bill Tebbutt had to forfeit to George McGilvray and the latter enters the final.

Eddie Davis, the club champion, is still waiting to play the winner between J. A. Coen and A. J. Moverley and then one of those three will meet McGilvray in the final for the Club Championship.

The "C" Grade Championship has advanced a little since last month by the defeat of Norman Barrell by Harry English who now has to play Bill Kirwan in a semi-final. N. P. Murphy is down to play the winner of the A. G. Collins-G. Carr match to decide who qualifies for the final.

**Paddock Betting Ring at Canterbury**

*Scene shows the Paddock Ring at Canterbury (Sydney) Racecourse where The Sydney Turf Club now conducts a proportion of its meetings.*

**A. G. CONNOLLY**

RAILS—RANDWICK

**R 3**

**PADDOCK**  
**ALL OTHER COURSES**

**H. (BARNEY) FAY**

RAILS—RANDWICK

**R4**

**PADDOCK**  
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